

Virus

Mechanical Poet

Stress! Alas!
You have to confess.
Nothing more and nothing less.
Don't you know your time expires?
Fading away, fading away.
Another day...

Just another link in the chain.
Every second's dying in vain.
Through the desert sands you're running.
Falling again, falling again.

Is that you're living for?
You run away from sun.
Is that you're dying for?
You run away from sun.

With every step it's coming closer.
With every day you're getting older.
With every mile you're going lower.
With every turn you're diving into nowhere.

The Virus.

Getting higher, insatiable fire.
Now your heart's your personal liar.
Inner voice is getting louder.
Shut up! Shut up!

Don't even try to make a sound.
But see what you've found.
Just a voiceless desert around.
Have you ever asked yourself?
"What do I do?"

And every time you're dying...